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The day, pretty darling, draws near to its close,  
Come, cease from your play, on your pillow repose,  
You peep from the cradle still laughing and bright,  
Kind angels for ever preserve you, good night.

With freedom from sorrow, dear child, you are blest,  
To you a pure heaven is your fond mother's breast;  
Wild passion some day will your happiness blight,  
Kind angels preserve you, my darling, good night.

Ah! happy is he who can slumber like you,  
Be ever, dear child, to your innocence true,  
The righteous are watched by the spirits of light,  
Who guard them while sleeping, my darling, good night.

"Few songs of modern days have achieved a more decided or better merited success than Herr Reichardt's charming lied, "Thou art so near and yet so far," which has for the last two years been the delight of all concert-goers and drawing-room vocalists of more than ordinary pretensions. Messrs. Duncan Davison and Co. have just published a new composition, from the same original and elegant pen, entitled "Good Night" (a cradle song). The words are exquisitely simple and unaffected, being the address of a mother to her sleeping babe; and it is but justice to Herr Reichardt to say that he has wedded an exquisite domestic poem to a most graceful, unaffected melody, which breathes the very spirit of maternal tenderness. The song, which is written for a tenor voice—the composer being, as our readers know, one of the first of living German vocalists—is in the key of F major; and to amateurs of taste we can cordially recommend "The Cradle Song" as a composition worthy of their attention."—*Liverpool Mail*.

**A SONG FOR THE SEASON—"THE CHRISTMAS ROSE."** (Poetry by M. A. STODART.) Composed by LOVELL PHILLIPS. Price 2s. 6d.

The Christmas Rose! The Christmas Rose!  
'Mid wintry frost and snow it blows;  
And opens its portals pure and fair,  
When winds have swept the gay parterre.  
Just like a true and constant friend,  
Whose faith no storms of life can bend;  
Not the mere friend of summer day,  
But firm when joy hath passed away.  
This flower is like the joys that shine,  
In sorrow's hour and life's decline;  
When youth hath passed and pleasure flown,  
And sad the spirit sighs alone.  
'Then marvel not that thus I twine  
My thoughts around this gift of thine,  
And muse on hopes and joys that last,  
And bloom through life's most piercing blast."

London: Duncan Davison & Co., 244 Regent Street, W.

**NEW HARP MUSIC** by C. OBERTHÜR, "Thou art so near and yet so far," Reichardt's popular song transcribed for the Harp by C. Oberthür, is just published, price 3s.; by Duncan Davison & Co., 244 Regent Street, W.

**MR. WEISS'S NEW SONG—"THE KNIGHT'S VIGIL."** (Poetry by J. P. DOUGLASS.) Composed and sung by Mr. W. H. WEISS.

The custom of watching armour in church was a religious duty imposed upon knights who used to consume whole nights in prayer to some saint whom they chose as their patron.

Sir Neville spurred his gallant grey,  
And bled him on his lonely way;  
But ere he from the saddle sprang,  
The abbey's midnight chimes had rung.

He doffed his armour, whose fair sheen  
The stains of battle ne'er had seen;  
And said, "Heav'n send thee I may be,  
A worthy son of chivalry."

In hours when bright remembrance came  
Athwart his memory like a flame,  
A crimson scarf was given to tell,  
Of one who loved Sir Neville well.

The gift was fondly cherished yet,  
And while his burning glances met,  
He sighing said, "Be thou to me  
The beacon star of victory."

Sir Neville kept his vigil lone,  
Till the matin star had come and gone,  
Then donned his armour and away,  
He sped him on his gallant grey.

In many a land on fields of fame,  
The watchword was Sir Neville's name.  
Where fell the bravest, there fell he,  
Fighting for love and chivalry.

The above popular and romantic ballad, now being sung everywhere with the greatest success by Mr. Weiss, is just published, beautifully illustrated, price 3s., by Duncan Davison & Co., 244 Regent Street, W.

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## THE PHILOSOPHY OF MUSIC.\*

It must be matter of observation that the practice of commenting upon art has now become a field of independent mental exertion, it having of late years been shown that, in the investigation of works of art, faculties and gifts of mind have been elicited as great and original as those which produced the art itself.

The reason of this is apparent in the consideration that amongst the votaries of the arts there are always some in whom susceptibility to impression is greater than the faculty of demonstration; and thus in these the artistic energy vents itself in adding its fire to ideas already formed and inspired; in imparting a second soul—the added soul of their own pent rapture—to an object of art, by means of some other medium of expression. It may be language. Thus their minds are driven into the recesses of the object of art they contemplate. Thus the artistic impulse is brought to bear upon art itself, and thus the above object comes out from this process still further spiritualised.

If I were to define art, I should say it is preceded by a distinct emotion of admiration, created through the influence of some external object of beauty, or by an indefinite rapture of feeling aroused by the general action of outward nature, upon the sense and intelligence of man. It arises in the tendency this condition of feeling exerts to push the pent ardour, amassed in the receptive channels of the mind, outwardly, through the demonstrative faculties of the nature; to employ the outward senses; to wreak itself upon expression.

In consummating this expression, it involves the action of that remarkable tendency prevailing in the human breast whenever charged with an emotion partaking of the character of admiration, to reproduce, to conjure up again and again the natural influence of that feeling. Thus the painter reproduces upon canvas the fair aspect of nature that impresses him—thus the lover conjures up, in poetic rhapsody, the charms which excite his admiration.

Now, this reproduction of the external influence of emotion constitutes art. But it must be remarked that the impulse of the breast, thus resulting in art, is twofold in its action. For the representation of an outward incentive of feeling not only in its production employs the demonstrative faculties—not only constitutes the expression of an emotion, but in its effect reacts upon the receptive faculties, and also perpetuates the emotion.

Thus art is the embodying an inward idea of beauty, by repeating in ideal form the external influence of that idea, and the expressing and perpetuating an emotion of admiration in the production, and by the effect of this embodiment. This is art, and this is the operation of a great principle of the human mind, by means of which it may be said to multiply its offspring, to perpetuate the existence of its own emotions.

From this principle the whole phenomenon of art is developed, and by its aid can be accounted for. The distinction in character, for instance, between a natural influence and the same influence reproduced in the aspect of art, may be thus explained. The mind, in reproducing the object that elicited its admiration, recreates it in the light of that admiration, with those attributes of charm only visible in its original aspect, through the medium of esthetic taste and poetic meditation, in its artistic form, shining outwardly and apparent to ordinary contemplation. Thus it may bear its original shape, but its soul is no longer hidden, its beauty shines outwardly. It may reappear in bodily form, but its expression is spiritual.

Through these few remarks upon the general constitution of art, it will be understood how the attentive and intelligent observer of art may gain a deep insight into truth; how, through the effect of art, he may behold the spirit of nature; how it has been the destiny of many earnest writers upon art to attain to this comprehensive vision; to wield the Ithuriel spear of art as an instrument of moral application.

Poetry, painting, sculpture and architecture have, in several

instances, led their commentators and recorders to totally new and original eminences of mental observation; and thus to these arts the human mind in general is greatly indebted for the discovery of truths of deep import, and beauties of all-pervading influence. On the other hand, music, of all the arts, has hitherto been the least serviceable in guiding the mind on its path of moral inquiry. The reason of this may be that, of all the arts, music is that which, in its own conquest and acquisition, absorbs more undividedly the whole attention, monopolises more completely the varied faculties, claims in a greater degree the continued experience of man, and thus reduces the function of its votaries solely to the illustration and interpretation of its simple effect.

There may also exist another reason, which is revealed in the consideration, that music, with regard to other ministrations of art, deals the least with the palpable forms and influences of nature, and is the only one without the faculty of representing them in their natural aspect. Consequently, in tracing its influence, in wandering amongst its array of expositions, we meet with no effect common to other branches of moral demonstration, and with no object of external human interest. And thus the large sphere of *suggestiveness* which these influences possess is lost in the contemplation of music. Thus the mind in the exploration of music does not arrive at *new starting-points of thought*, but traversing the ethereal stream of sound, glides continuously on its emotional course, undiverted into new channels by the external features of nature.

In the analysis also of musical effect we are searching into that which we cannot grasp, cannot see, and can only feel. Thus in inquiring into an effect we are analysing an emotion; whereas in the analysis of other effects of art, the mind is brought into contact with a material influence. In music it is mind acting upon mind. In the other arts, mind acting upon matter. In the case of music the intellect works inwardly. In that of the other arts, outwardly. And thus the result is, that in commenting upon musical effect, the mind is lost in its own mazes and checked in its progress. Thus its lucubrations in this direction are mostly of a metaphysical character; and meeting with so little support and light from without, the borrowed light of fancy and vague imagination is so often visible upon them.

In the following pages, however, an attempt is made to push the fragile skiff of thought along this subtle current; and by aid of the compass of known truth, the rudder of argument, and other mental means for obtaining steadiness and straight progress, to gather reliable and practical information upon the nature and meaning of musical effect in the mind; to probe to its source this mystic Nile of tone, and to establish thereupon a few firm positions for the human intellect to affix its standard.

And as the deeper the voyager of discovery penetrates into the recesses of nature, the greater becomes his knowledge of the laws of his own being, so does the mind in exploring its empire inevitably refract light upon itself; so may we in our present path of research gather new truth for the mind, as well as in casting the light of conquest upon our subject, still further develop its resources.

When we pause in admiration of a flower, the reason is not only lulled by the absorbing influence of beauty upon the senses, and its subtle property of reaching the finer perceptions, without arousing the mind to conscious action; but the activity of the intellect is further superseded through the consciousness we possess of the origin and function of the flower in question. We do not regard this effect as the poet the stars, which he describes as "a beauty and a mystery." On the other hand we are all the while aware that the flower is a natural and necessary feature in the development of the plant whereon it grows. Though there may be in this object much food for reflection, there is still therein nothing, as in the case just alluded to, which strongly arouses the mental activity simultaneously as it invokes the admiration. Now this is the distinction at the outset between the state of the mind in contemplating the effects of all other species of art, and that which it assumes when wrought upon by the influence of music.

Here is a strangely beautiful phenomenon. But what is it? Is it "bright effluence of bright essence increase," or where is the connection between it and the world's more palpable and functional influences; as the flower and its subtle odour that floats like

\* *Introductory Remarks to the Philosophy of Music*, being a series of essays, entitled respectively, "The Relationship of Music to the other Fine Arts," "The Moral Theory of Music," and "The Laws of Life in Art," which appeared in the *MUSICAL WORLD*. Corrected and amplified by the Author. By Joseph Goddard.



sound through the air is threaded to the rest of nature by the fine tissues of the plant?

Now, in the course of the arguments pursued in the essay termed "The Moral Theory of Music," it is shown that music is *the flower of human speech*; that it is developed from the ordinary materials of language, as the blossom from the substance of the shrub; that it retains the finer attributes of speech, namely, tone, emphasis, and pause, as the flower still possesses in its roseate petals, the beautified likeness of the green leaves; and that it loses the mixed and dull sound of ordinary language, and wholly assumes the vesture of melody, as the flower relinquishes the opaque and neutral tints of the plant, and beams totally in the dazzling raiment of colour.

In closing these preliminary observations, it may be remarked, that in regarding "music" from the point of view occupied by this work, we do not discover it in its technical and mechanical details. We regard it as an astronomer a heavenly body; not so much to unfold its individual principles, as to discover those great laws that bind it to the universe; to trace the spring of its orbit, and the influence it exerts upon, and receives from, the other solar influences in the mental concave. Its surface aspect is not again gone over; but its rise from the general human horizon is endeavoured to be traced, and its power, brightness, and ultimate effect as a light in the moral firmament of man revealed.

Therefore, although the present work on account of its subject (and as tending, by connecting in a near relationship that subject with some of the most momentous, moral, and intellectual phenomena of man, to lift up the art of music to a lofty and dignified position in general estimation; to exhibit it by the light of reason to all, at this altitude, which otherwise were only visible to the believing few through the far more eloquent language of its effect), though for these reasons the present work recommends itself specially to the musician; still it solicits the attention of all who are interested in the philosophy of art generally; and through the light it endeavours to throw upon common human phenomena, the laws of the mind, the evolution of the feelings, and the principles of moral demonstration, in the subjects with which it has presumed to cope, it applies to all who possess emotion and employ a language.

## THE ENTERPRISING IMPRESARIO.

### CHAPTER II.

My introduction to the impresario, mentioned in the last chapter, led to many subsequent business transactions between us, which brought me into frequent communication with some of the most celebrated Italian singers at different times under engagement to him, and moreover, gave me an insight into the amenities and difficulties of his position.

I have seen the crowd of courtiers at his door, waiting patiently to be received by the successful manager. I have heard the mob of creditors clamour rudely for their rights, when the public was blighting all hopes of a replenished treasury by "damning" the last new opera. I have seen him in knee-breeches and silk stockings, a silver candlestick in either hand, proudly receiving royalty; and, oh! I have seen him when, in accordance with slavish custom, trying to walk backwards up the treacherous stairs, miss his step, and bump down in a sitting posture, candlesticks, knee-breeches, and all, in the front of royalty, to the horrible confusion of himself and infinite amusement of the lookers-on. Yes, there are indeed moments of striking contrast in the career of an impresario.

Among other distinguished artists with whom I became intimate during my association with theatrical affairs, was Lablache—old Lablache, the incomparable basso, the inimitable buffo—whose voice and presence moved us to tears in *Norma*, or made our sides ache with laughter in *Barbiere*. Dear old Lablache! with your fund of anecdote and *bons mots* you have left us, and your pretended successors do but prove the irreparable loss we have sustained. I was constantly in company with the great basso, and often had my pity excited by the inconvenience he suffered from his colossal proportions. No ordinary made chair was safe beneath his enormous weight; a servant, whenever it was practicable, carried one about for his especial use. It was difficult to find a

carriage the doors of which were large enough for him to pass; in London he had, of course, his own brougham in attendance. On one occasion the rehearsal at the theatre terminated sooner than was expected, and Lablache, anxious to reach home, ordered a street cab to be called. The driver looked alarmed when his fare issued from the stage door. "He'll never get in, sir," said the man despairingly to me, as I was shaking hands with Lablache, who also seemed to have his doubts upon the subject. We approached the vehicle—the door was opened wide. Sideways, headways, frontways, backways, the prize basso tried in vain to effect an entry. Without assistance it was impossible. Two men went on the opposite side, and dragged with all their force, while two others did their utmost to lift him in. "It's no go," cried the cabman; he'll ruin my cab." One more effort. A long pull, a strong push, a pull and a push together—the point was gained—Lablache inside, puffing and blowing from the exertion. But the difficulties were not yet terminated,—he had inadvertently sat down on the wrong seat, with his back to the driver. Wishing to change the position, he rose; in turning round, the whole of his prodigious weight was upon the few slender boards forming the bottom of the cab. Imagine the horror of the cabman, the astonishment of Lablache, and the surprise of a large crowd which had been attracted by the terrible struggle we had had, when the boards gave way, and his two feet were seen standing in the road! The cabman swore, Lablache grinned, the crowd roared. No scene in a pantomime could have been more ludicrous. Fortunately Lablache sustained no injury; had the cab been in motion, the consequences of the accident might have been serious. The same process of shoving and pulling, but reversed, was necessary to get him out again. Whether greater violence was used than at first, or not, the door in this instance was torn from its hinges, and the cab (previously a good-looking vehicle) now presented the most melancholy appearance of a perfect wreck. The driver uttered curses both loud and deep, but was pacified by the assurance that the damage should be repaired, and his loss of time remunerated. I am not aware that the portly basso ever again attempted to ride in a hack cab.

Lablache was one of the "Old Guard"—one of that incomparable quartet of whom Grisi is now the only singer to be heard—the quartet for whom *I Puritani* was composed.

Rubini has gone. Tamburini has left the stage. Lablache is no more. Grisi alone remains, the last link in the chain which connects the Italian opera of our youth with that of the present day; and Grisi will (if it can be believed) make her last appearance before the London public next season. It is asserted, upon very good authority, that she will give her positively farewell representations at Her Majesty's Theatre, the theatre which more than any other, whether in London or Paris, is associated with her successes; the theatre which lost its prestige when she left it, and now that she is about to return, seems to be regaining its good name and to offer more serious opposition than ever to Covent Garden. If that mysterious attribute which we call good luck exists, no one individual can boast of possessing a greater share, in addition to transcendent talent, than Giulia Grisi.

Throughout her extraordinary career it has been always constant, and not only herself but those with whom she has been associated seem more or less to have been affected by its influence. I have heard Grisi tell the story of her *début*,—how, when hardly fourteen years old, she sang the part of Emma in the *Zelmira* at Bologna. It was at an hour's notice. There was no one to be found to replace the singer who had been suddenly taken ill. Giulia, hearing of the embarrassment of the manager, offered, to the surprise of all her family, her assistance, was accepted, and acquitted herself admirably. So satisfied was the impresario with her success, that he offered an engagement for the rest of the season. From Bologna Grisi went to Firenze, and thence to Milan in 1831. On every occasion the same "good luck" attended her, until her first appearance in London, in 1834, when, strange to say, the young *débutante* was but coldly received. She had previously, in Paris, sang with great success, when Laporte had heard and engaged her. Grisi was disconcerted with the reception of *La Gazza Ladra*, the opera in which she first appeared, and expressed her disappointment to Laporte. "Cela ne fait rien," said that enterprising impresario, "it will be all right." His prediction was fulfilled. Before the termination of the first season Grisi had

become a popular prima donna, a position she has ever since sustained against the opposition of innumerable rivals. Perhaps no singer ever paid so little attention to her voice than Giulia Grisi, none whose great dramatic effects were less premeditated and more impulsive. When the two theatres, Covent Garden and Her Majesty's, were open some seasons ago, I remember calling upon a prima donna of the latter house, and finding her reclining upon a sofa, with a cold water bandage round her throat, "What's the matter?" I exclaimed, fearing she was indisposed. "Oh, nothing," was the reply, in a very low voice, "but I sing to-night, and am making my usual preparation." On leaving this lady (as poor Albert Smith would have said) in pickle, I had occasion to call upon Grisi. Knowing she was announced to sing in the *Huguenots* that same evening, I was uncertain whether she would be visible. My doubts, however, were soon removed when I reached the house. "Madame is in the garden, Sir," said the servant, pointing to where he supposed his mistress to be. I followed his directions, but tried in vain to find the Diva, who presently came running out of the kitchen, making many excuses, and saying she had a new cook to whom she was obliged to give instructions.

## ANTEATER.

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 Letters to the Editor.
 

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## SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.

SIR,—“It is too much the custom of journalists to take for granted the performances of certain societies, especially with regard to well-known works. In the case of the *Messiah*, for instance, a criticism of a performance of this universally appreciated work seldom appears. The consequence is, that this, the best known oratorio, is, all things considered, frequently very ill performed. If progress is to be the life of any musical society, the pressure of the critical screw should never be relaxed.”

It was thus that Kewcha Sannyman, Esq., the well-known tenor, discoursed on Friday evening last, as he accompanied his friends to Exeter Hall. It was then many years since he had listened attentively to Handel's masterpiece, for he could find no original remarks upon so old a composition; and his invention having failed to produce new phrases, and especially adjectives and substantives of remote derivation, he took no interest therein. But on arrival at the well-known Hall, the rumour of a tightened rein and sharper bit in the mouths of desultory chorus singers brought unwonted fire to his eyes, and lit up his finely formed countenance with ecstatic joy. The goodly promise of a full audience was also grateful to his feelings, though his ribs suffered severely on the narrow stairs. In the room his expectations were more than fulfilled; never before did he hear a better performance. He found the familiarity of the orchestra and chorus with the work still shown in the ease with which it was delivered; while the collective noise, being constantly kept at the conductorial grindstone, was productive of the best results. He proceeded to admit the folly of the *pianissimo* commencement of “For unto us;” but thought that further remonstrance was useless—with both of which conclusions I cordially agree.

Miss Parepa taking the soprano part, K. S., Esq. was delivered of some well-digested reflections. “Effect is not always produced by loudness of voice. Volume of tone, if it were an eagle, might be heard from London to York, while a skylark would not be audible through a quickset hedge. The purity of voice and perfect tune, together with clear enunciation of the words, are the requisite qualifications for singing sacred music. The departed Mad. Novello was my *beau idéal* of a classical singer. The lady of this evening, in all the exuberance of a great voice and brilliant vocalisation, loses sight of the purity and unaffected beauty of the great Englishwoman's style. Nevertheless, her voice is very fine, and her singing remarkably clever.”

Without altogether endorsing his opinion, I pass on to his estimate of Mad. Sainton's style, as shown in the *Messiah*. “Of all composers,” says he, “Handel shows most power in the pathos of simplicity. While the elaborate use of the science of harmony, and the art of instrumentation serve to point the melodic beauty of Beethoven's and Mendelssohn's most thrilling passages, there is in Handel a quiet dignity and touching expression that goes to the very heart of the audience. ‘He shall feed His flock,’ and ‘He was despised,’ may serve as examples of this. In the declamatory ‘But who may abide,’ we find a power and intensity that carries us back to the days of the old Hebrew prophets. Handel had not many predecessors in his art; but he looked

well to the future; and if we say that in writing for a contralto powerful alike in declamation and pathos, he predicted the existence of Miss Dolby, we are accounting for the marvellous fitness of her capabilities in the only satisfactory manner.”

Of tenors his discourse was naturally diffident and modest. “I find few who ‘please by manly ways.’ Your Italian tenor of the present day is generally a poor, effeminate creature. Among English artists I find men who can deliver the sentences of *Judas Maccabeus* in a manner that would set a whole nation on fire. In the present case vigour cannot be dispensed with, hence it is that we never heard a foreigner sing the tenor music of the *Messiah* to satisfaction. Mr. Sims Reeves, lately bereaved, is *par excellence* the tenor I like; his two deputies, Messrs. Cooper and Perren, are both genuine artists with good gifts. The latter pleased me, especially to-night. There is much refinement in his singing, which he shows without detracting from his manliness.” And, again, who remembers to have read such writing as the following. “Ponderosity and closeness of tone please me in bass singing. Mr. Weiss has a magnificent voice, which he damages at times in trying to sing too loud. A properly winded 16-foot pipe is better, *i.e.*, more effective, than an underwinded 32. Let not this, however, apply to his singing. ‘The trumpet shall sound,’ but now,” continued our friend, “as supper is ready, we will leave a parting word of high praise for the incomparable Mr. Thomas Harper, and retire to our habitations, wondering for the five thousandth time at the powers and royal genius of the great Saxon, and the hold he possesses on the ears, minds, hearts, and souls of men so many scores of years after he has passed away.” It was in vain for us to attempt to improve or add to these excellent remarks, so we left the great artist, not without sorrow that such a train of thought should be suddenly cut short.

SHOULDER.

[Shoulder arms! “Shoulder.”—PETIPACE.]

DEAR PETIPACE,—Many thanks for your commendations of my last. Why an elegantly written sentence, pregnant with significance, should be excised to make room for “&c., &c., &c.,” I don't know; but ament the same transaction, let me quote the words of the Bolognese Adolfo, which have been excellently translated by the late Mrs. Susan Creever:—

“When success and popularity are gained the fortunate possessor is apt to be dazzled with the result of his endeavours. Others pay him reverence and admiration, and attribute to him capabilities he never possessed, which latter he himself may be induced to believe in, till, some great occasion demanding an exercise of the reputed talent, he is rapidly adjusted to his proper level by his failure. Even then there be some who will not perceive his mistake, but continue to assert the value of deeds which have, in the minds of right-thinking men, produced only disgust and repulsivity.”

I am yours faithfully,

SHOULDER.

SIR,—In reference to a paragraph in Sunday's *Observer* stating that “an extensive system of fraud had just been discovered, which had been carried on for some time, especially in the matters of the stores of the company,” I beg to state that there is no ground whatever for any such statement.

The only way in which I can account for such a misapprehension arising is from the circumstance that the directors recently found it necessary to discharge one of the superintendents in the building, in whose transactions some irregularities were found to exist; but they did not amount to 5*l.* in money value, which has since been made good to the company, but at the same time infringements of principle were involved in the transactions which the directors felt it necessary to mark with the severest censure. I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

GEORGE GROVE, Secretary.

Crystal Palace, Sydenham, SE., Dec. 10.

## IN RE LEEDS.

SIR,—It may be of scant moment that the prize infant, Master Tinley, or the Chippian Doctor have adorned (!) Handel's “*Harmonious Blacksmith*” with their own variations, in place of the melodious “changes” of the mighty Saxon on his particular anvil; but is it not a curious index of the musical progress of the cloth emporium to find (after the good seed sown by Field-Marshal Bennett at the late musical

festival) that local societies serve up *OPERAS* (!) with the miserable accompaniment of a *piano*, to their woolly patrons? Another DISCREET and learned society takes credit for executing \* Mendelssohn's picturesque conception, the *Loreley* finale, with sundry supplementary growls from the Town Hall ORGAN (a tremendous fellow, I have heard). Let the men of cloth establish a "Philharmonic Society," with a properly-appointed orchestra and chorus, as is the wont of the *big* manufacturing towns, and advance the musical art by performances of a legitimate and elevating character. \* RESPECT THIS.\*

(When the leaves of the oak tremble it is well to hasten and descend *Mont Cenis*, as the Chevalier prefers the *champaign lands*.)

\*\* At Bradford, I have been told, George Macfarren's cantata of *Christmas* has been performed by a society in the Hall of St. George, in that overgrown hamlet, to the "beautiful *piano* accompaniment of Mr. Burton." Was it he of that ilk who displayed himself at a Yorkshire Concert, \* at St. James, his Hall (some time ago), by eccentric gyrations on that domestic instrument, while Hallé's fingers were as yet dank and trembling on the clavier?

(Knowing these things, why not cross the Eastern Lake before the YEAR is ended? The Chevalier will approach by the Olive Fields.)

BE DUMB.

PAPPUS OF BIRKENHEAD.

[SAMUEL SMITH you're wanted!—PETIFACE.]

#### WIPING AWAY TEARS.

DEAR SIR,—I observe an advertisement in the *Daily Telegraph* thus worded:—

"Brimley Richards wipes away tears from all eyes. Price 3s."

Can you inform me of that gentleman's address, and at the same time give me an idea of what his charge would be to keep my wife's eyes dry by the year?

Yours, truly,

AN UNHAPPY HUSBAND.

#### A LETTER FROM WEBER.

[The following is a translation of a letter addressed to the father of Mr. Benedict, the well-known composer, when, as a boy, he was studying under the illustrious author of *Der Freischütz*.]

Dresden, 10th February, 1822.

I have been always prevented from thanking you for your esteemed letter and your kind present. I wished to write you a long and detailed letter, but could not find leisure for it. Now, at last, only a few hours before starting for Vienna, I claim the greater indulgence for brevity.

My excellent Julius gives me real gratification, and I trust that time, severe study and application, combined with his true talent and intellectual endowments, will some day present him to the world as a genuine artist. Such a long separation from your dear son must indeed be a great trial for you, but I think it my duty to urge upon you not to do the thing by halves, but secure yourself twofold joy and comfort for your whole life by what you now deny yourself.

A serious and deep study of the art must progress slowly and by degrees, and can only thus give self-possession to the artist's mind. Indeed it is a lamentable symptom of our time, that we are all content with the mere surface; and, casting of too soon the bond of apprenticeship, henceforth, in ever vacillating weakness, aim at producing effects, which, glaring without substance, quickly vanish. It excites a sad smile when we think how everybody admits that the business of a merchant requires several years of application, and that even for a mechanic, besides the three or four years' apprenticeship, other probationary years are deemed essential. In art only—the profoundest and most comprehensive study of life—probably a few months' of superficial observation are thought sufficient to accomplish the task.

Instead of giving your son the twelve lessons a month I promised. I have had him with me daily. I do not mention this in order to obtain your thanks, but merely to show you what time is required for the simplest elementary studies. To keep alive his inventive faculty, I have even now let him venture upon compositions, which he ought not yet to have been allowed to undertake;

but, thank God, I have found my rich reward in his own good sense, since through these very compositions he has acquired the conviction of how great the distance still is to the goal. I must leave off, as the abundance of my subject would carry me too far. The little I have said comes from my inmost heart and conviction, and from the truly sympathetic interest and affection I feel for my dear Julius.

In my thoughts I share with you the joy of your meeting again. My wife unites with me in kindest regards, and I remain, with greatest esteem,

Yours faithfully,

C. M. VON WEBER.

MR. JOHN BROUGHAM AT LIVERPOOL.—Few, if any, names have become more honourably associated with English literature on the American stage than that of John Brougham, the universally popular Irish comedian, and the author of *Romance and Reality*, *Columbus*, *Playing with Fire*, &c. A son of the Emerald Isle, his wit is eminently racy of the soil; while, gifted with genius of no ordinary kind, he is at once an accomplished actor, an entertaining author, and, above all, a gentleman. Mr. Brougham, during his residence in America, won troops of friends, who testified, in the most marked and pleasing manner, their sense of his worth and abilities. In Liverpool he has also many admirers; and these, last evening, showed their appreciation of him by entertaining him to a splendid supper at the Waterloo Hotel. About 40 gentlemen sat down to supper. Colonel Beverly Tucker occupied the chair, having on his right the guest of the evening. Mr. M. J. Whitty filled the vice chair, and amongst the other gentlemen present were Mr. George Francis Train, Captain Newlands, L. V. E., Mr. Charles Mozley, Captain Miller, Messrs. John Bingham, W. H. Peat, Joseph Belcher, Worrall, Montgomery, &c. Dessert having been placed on the table, the Chairman proposed "the Queen." The toast was drunk with all the honours.—The Vice-chairman then gave "The President of the United States" (great applause).—The Chairman, in responding, said he was proud to witness the good feeling which prevailed between the two countries, and might that feeling long continue (applause). He knew that Americans felt proud of their mother-country, and he thought the latter was equally proud of her full-grown and prosperous child (applause). The two countries were knitted together alike by affinity and common interest, and he believed that what redounded to the credit of the one could not but favourably affect the interest of the other (loud applause).—The Chairman again rose, and proposed the toast of the evening, "The health of, and long life to, their friend, Mr. Brougham" (loud and continued applause). He had had the honour and the pleasure of knowing Mr. Brougham for some time, and he knew him to be both a man of genius and a gentleman (applause). As an author, an actor, or a friend, he was equally to be admired; and, speaking for himself, he might, in the words of *Hamlet* to *Horatio*, say to Mr. Brougham, "Give me that man that is not passion's slave, and I will wear him next my heart of hearts, as I do thee" (loud applause).—Mr. Brougham, who was heartily cheered on rising to respond, said he felt deeply the cordial welcome with which he had been received in this great town. A native of Ireland, he had felt, after a twenty years' sojourn in America, a strong desire to visit and a yearning towards his native land, and he could only say that since his return he had received many proofs of the kind feeling entertained towards him by his countrymen (applause). After making some humorous but highly complimentary allusions to Mr. F. Train, the projector of street railways, he spoke in terms of eulogy of the country from which he had lately returned, and concluded by again thanking the company for the unexpected honour they had done him in inviting him to be their guest that evening (applause). Various other toasts followed, and a most agreeable social evening was passed.

THE GOVERNMENT of China is divided into four departments, each presided over by a mandarin. The fourth department is that of *music*, and is managed by the brother of the late Emperor.

THE TENOR, Herr Reichardt, is in Paris, where he will sing at several concerts. He has also accepted engagements for the provinces with several local musical societies.



**MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.**—With one exception, the instrumental pieces of last Monday (fifth concert) were the same as on Nov. 26th, when the name of Beethoven was the attraction. Thus the sonata in E flat, Op. 7, for pianoforte alone, that in F major for violoncello and pianoforte, and the trio in G major (Op. 1), were heard for the second time and with increased pleasure, the pianoforte solos especially eliciting the warmest applause. As before, the whole sonata was played by M. Hallé from memory. The novelty was the quartet in A minor (No. 13, Op. 130), (MM. Sainton, Ries, Schreurs and Piatti being the executants), one of the erroneously-styled "posthumous," for an explanation of which we cannot do better than refer our readers to the analytical programme. Not one nor a dozen hearings would suffice to reveal the numberless beauties with which this composition abounds. From the opening bar to the last note there is an unceasing vein of the most highly-developed musical thought, never-ending melody—combined with the most perfect harmony, and an overflow of ideas the most original, a tithe of which would be sufficient to stock many modern composers for life. So replete with charms, that it is almost difficult to individualise any particular movement as finer than another, we are nevertheless inclined to select the *adagio* as our favourite. The "Song of Thanksgiving in the Lydian mode," written in gratitude for recovery from severe sickness—anything more solemn and impressive than this it would be impossible to conceive; and we do not wonder at the devout attention of the audience and their subsequent enthusiastic plaudits. Sceptics who, not believing in themselves, are inclined to place everybody else on the same level, should attend St. James's Hall on one of the Monday Popular Concert nights. There they will find that, be the weather what it may,—the thick November fog, the pelting, merciless rain, the blinding snow, or the melting hot evening of midsummer,—the large hall is always filled, and that with an audience who have paid their money; that almost all the audience are seated by the time the concert commences, and that, let a quartet or sonata last even forty-five minutes, as was the case with the A minor on the present occasion, it is heard throughout with an intense gratification that finds in applause the genuine heartiness of which there is no mistaking. This is the second of the later quartets which has been heard at the Monday Popular Concerts. We shall anxiously await the third. The vocal selection comprised two songs, in which Miss Lascelles' remarkably fine voice was heard to great advantage; one by Benedict, "The maiden and the river," a work of easy expression; the other, Mr. Wallace's "Sweet evening star." Miss Augusta Thomson sang Haydn's canzonet "Fidelity," and took part with Miss Lascelles in a charming duet of Dussek's, "My pardon, dearest treasure," in which Mr. Oxenford's beautiful words have been substituted for the weak originals. Mr. Benedict accompanied the vocalists with that skill and taste for which he is noted. The new screen at the rear of the orchestra is a manifest improvement. The sound is now thrown out into the room, and the most delicate passages are distinctly heard. At the next concert (and last before Christmas) the programme will be selected from various composers—Miss Arabella Goddard, Mr. Sims Reeves, and Mr. Weiss making their first appearance this season.—DODINAS.

**ROYAL ALHAMBRA PALACE.**—The new Music Hall in Leicester Square was opened on Monday night, and attracted an immense audience. The Alhambra Palace is an extraordinary establishment, and one which, with proper and enterprising management, is likely to prove a fortune to its proprietor. We shall not enter into a minute detail of the decorations or arrangements of the *salle*, which will be found better set forth in the advertisements. Enough to say that the general effect is brilliant and tasteful, and that accommodation has been provided for about four thousand persons, who may sit, and eat, and drink at their ease, listening to music, and witnessing terpsichorean performances. The whole designs have been conceived and carried out on the most liberal scale, and afford an assurance that everything is likely to be done necessary to make the Alhambra Palace highly attractive to the million. For the admission fee of sixpence an excellent series of diversions has been provided. A numerous and efficient orchestra, under the direction of Mr. Tully, performs a selection of appropriate and effective music, while the vocal portion of the entertainment is in the hands of such artists as Mr. Parkinson, Mr. E. Rosenthal,

Miss Emma Heyward, Mad. Volkener, &c. The programme of the week, besides vocal solos from these *virtuosi*, includes a duologue called "Folly and Fashion," by Mad. Caulfield and Miss Louisa Graham; a comic *mélange*, in which Mr. George Perren, Mr. Tom Matthews, Miss Rosina Collins, and other performers appeared; with a mixed entertainment of ballet and opera, well devised and executed. On Monday night, after the National Anthem, Mr. E. T. Smith was summoned before the curtain, and vehemently cheered and applauded. We may venture to predict that the new undertaking of the great "entertainer" will be hailed with welcome by thousands, the moderate and decorous amusement of whom we have persistently advocated.

**CRYSTAL PALACE.**—The concert last Saturday comprised, for the instrumental pieces by the band, Mendelssohn's symphony in A major and the overture to *Euryanthe*, vocal solos by Mad and Signor Palmieri and Miss Eleanor Armstrong, and a solo on the violin by Mr. Joseph Heine. The songs most admired were the polacca from *I Puritani*, by Mad. Palmieri, and the grand scena, "Bel raggio," from *Semiramide*, by Miss Eleanor Armstrong. The last-named young lady is a highly promising singer. "Bel raggio" is taxing to the most accomplished and experienced singer; but Miss Armstrong exhibited such good taste and skill, and showed such a nice voice withal, that the audience were delighted, and applauded liberally. The new violinist played Ernst's *Pirata* fantasia, and created a decided impression. We shall be glad to hear him again.

**MYDDELTON HALL, ISLINGTON.**—A concert was given here on Monday evening, the proceeds of which were to be devoted to the liquidation of the debt on the new organ of St. Jude's, Mildmay Park. The hall was well filled, so that something, at all events, may be anticipated in liquidation of the debt. The vocalists were Miss Clari Fraser, Mad. Sainton-Dolby, Mr. Donald King, and Mr. Lewis Thomas; instrumentalist, Mr. T. J. Cooper (piano); Mr. Liddell was accompanist. The performance calls for no particular remarks, beyond stating that Miss Clari Fraser and Mad. Sainton both sang admirably, and excited great enthusiasm, the former being encored twice, the latter once.

**GRAND VOLUNTEER CONCERT OF THE FIRST SURREY RIFLES.**—This exceedingly brilliant affair came off at the Athenæum, Clapham Common, on Tuesday evening, and brought together all the rank, youth and beauty of the neighbourhood. Such an assemblage indeed has rarely, if ever, been witnessed at the Music Hall on the Common. An establishment under the direction, or patronage—we are not authorised to say which—of the First Surrey Rifles, more especially of that distinguished section of the corps, No. 5 Clapham and Wandsworth Company, would of itself have proved eminently attractive to the fair sex at any rate; but when it is added that the concert was supported by those eminent artists, Mad. Sainton-Dolby and Miss Arabella Goddard, assisted by the Orpheus Glee Union and the band of the corps, under the direction of their band-master and leader, Mr. J. Calcott, enough has been said to account for any degree of excitement. The programme was constructed skilfully and with taste. The band of the Rifles played selections from *Der Freischütz*, *Il Trovatore*, and *Robert le Diable*, and proved themselves blowers of the first wind—players of the first water. They also performed an arrangement from the Prayer in *Mosé*, and a polka by Mr. J. Calcott, which was greatly admired. Miss Arabella Goddard gave Listz's enormously difficult *fantasia* on the quartet from *Rigoletto*, and Benedict's enchanting "Where the bee sucks;" in both of which she was rapturously encored. She respectfully declined the first, but graciously accepted the second, giving in place of Mr. Benedict's piece, Mr. Wallace's "Home, sweet home," again with triumphant success. Mad. Dolby was not less heartily received. She sang "The skipper and his boy," which she was compelled to repeat; the ballad, "Janet's choice," and Signor Raudezger's serenade, "Sleep, dearest sleep," all in her most admirable manner. Mr. Fielding, too, sang with the Orpheus Glee Union Kücken's solo and glee, "Soldier's love," a very effective performance; while the "Union" contributed Webb's glee, "Discord, dire sister," Hatton's part-song, "When evening's twilight," and Otto's part-song, "Pretty maiden." The concert, in short, was a great success, and thoroughly pleased and gratified every one present.

ST. JAMES'S HALL,  
(REGENT STREET AND PICCADILLY.)  
**MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.**

First Appearance this Season of  
**MR. SIMS REEVES, MR. WEISS,**  
AND  
**MISS ARABELLA GODDARD.**

SIXTH CONCERT OF THE THIRD SEASON, AND  
LAST BEFORE CHRISTMAS.  
**MONDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 17, 1860,**

The selection, Vocal and Instrumental, from the works of various Masters.

**PROGRAMME.**

**PART I.**—Quartet, in E minor, Op. 41 (Mendelssohn), Two Violins, Viola, and Violoncello. By desire, M. SAINTON, Herr RIES, Herr SCHREURS, and Signor PIATTI. Song, "The Monk within his Cell" (Macfarren), Robin Hood. First time, Mr. WEISS. Canzonet, "Gentle Hope, from Heaven descending" (Dussek), Canzonets, First time, Mr. SIMS REEVES. Sonata, in E flat, Pianoforte solus dedicated to Madame Buonaparte (Steibelt). First time at the Monday Popular Concerts, MISS ARABELLA GODDARD.

**PART II.**—Sonata, in F major, Pianoforte and Violin (Haydn). First time at the Monday Popular Concerts, MISS ARABELLA GODDARD and M. SAINTON. Song, "Ade- laide" (Beethoven), by general desire, Mr. SIMS REEVES, accompanied by Miss ARABELLA GODDARD. Song, "I'm a Roamer" (Mendelssohn) Pedlar's Song—Son and Stranger, Mr. WEISS. Quartet, in A, Op. 18, with Variations (Beethoven), Two Violins, Viola, and Violoncello. By desire, M. SAINTON, Herr RIES, Herr SCHREURS, and Signor PIATTI.

Conductor—MR. BENEDICT. To commence at Eight o'Clock precisely.

Stalls, 5s.; balcony, 3s.; unreserved seats, 1s.

Tickets to be had of Mr. Austin, at the Hall, 28 Piccadilly; Messrs. Cramer and Co., Hammond, Addison and Co., Schott and Co., Ewer and Co., Simpson, and Oetz- mann and Co., Regent Street; Bradberry's, London Crystal Palace, Oxford Street; Duffand Co., 15 Oxford Street; Prowse, Hanway Street; Childer, 195 High Hol- born; Purday, 59 St. Paul's Church Yard; Keith, Prowse, and Co., 48 Chesapeake, Turner, 19 Cornhill; Cook and Co., 6 Finsbury Place, South; Humphress, 1 Old Church Street, Paddington Green; Fabian, Circus Road, St. John's Wood; Ransford and Son, 2 Princes Street, Cavendish Square; Ivory, 275 Euston Road; Mitchell, Leader and Co., Olivier, Campbell, Hopwood and Crewe, and Willis, Bond Street, and CHAFFELL and Co., 50, New Bond Street.

**ROYAL ALHAMBRA PALACE MUSIC HALL,**

LEICESTER SQUARE.

Lessee and Proprietor, Mr. E. T. SMITH.

**I**N announcing the Opening of this Grand Establishment,

Mr. E. T. Smith ventured to remind the public that he appeared in their midst as a favoured caterer for their amusement, and based his claim for a patent of prece- dence in that respect upon the "Great Fact" that, by no ordinary struggles against "quality" prejudices, he had established the Theatre Royal Drury Lane, as the play- house for the people. Mr. Smith further challenged the musical army to point out one volunteer who had made more rapid strides towards advancing the taste for music than himself. He had provided for the million, at the lowest prices of admission, the grandest Operas, English and Italian, illustrated by the most accomplished artists; in a word, he had broke up that interminable monopoly which shut out high-class com- positions, not only from the humbler, but from the middle classes of English society. In his present great effort, unmatched in the history of modern times, Mr. Smith would, he trusted, amply sustain the character it is his ambition to boast.

The Alhambra Palace was no ordinary place of entertainment; and, with emphasis, Mr. Smith directed attention to the Opening Night, on Monday, December 10, 1860.

The Musical Direction was confided to Mr. JAMES TULLY, the popular Conductor at the Theatre Royal Drury Lane, whose name was alone a guarantee for the Orchestral Department.

In the Refreshment Department a prospectus was needless, when it was stated that it would be under the superintendence of Mr. JAMES ELLIS, from Australia, favourably remembered as the original proprietor of Creve-cœur Gardens, Chelsea, and of the Adelaide Gallery, Strand. Mr. Ellis might fairly lay claim to having given rise and impetus to all the popular music halls and saloons of amusement which now form so con- spicuous and leading an element of public appreciation.

Mr. Smith felt it scarcely necessary to add, that he had gone to enormous expense in making the Palace of the Alhambra a giant specimen of good taste and of public com- fort. Experience had long since proved that those who solicit the patronage of the public must endeavour to deserve it; and nothing less than the supply of the very best articles could entitle any public caterer to that high distinction. In evidence of his good intentions, Mr. Smith trusts the opportunity of publishing the names of the firms in the wholesale trade with whom he was dealing, and thereby made them responsible, with himself, for the excellence and genuineness of the Wines, Spirits, &c., which were supplied by Messrs. Swaine, Beord and Co.; and of the Malt Liquors, which are supplied by the celebrated firms of Messrs. Huggins and Co., Messrs. Reid and Co., Messrs. Bass and Co., and Messrs. Guinness and Co. A Tariff of Charges was con- spicuously placed in every part of the building. It was respectfully requested that any complaint of incivility or inattention on the part of the waiters or assistants might be at once communicated to the Manager. In thanking the public for the gracious sup- port previously conferred on him, Mr. Smith respectfully submitted to their patronage an unparalleled example of his energy, expenditure, and zeal.

**CATTLE SHOW WEEK—ROYAL ALHAMBRA PALACE MUSIC HALL,** Leicester Square: Proprietor, Mr. E. T. SMITH.—Immense Success.—Visited by 6,000 persons nightly.—THIS EVENING, at 7 o'clock. The musical direction is confided to Mr. J. H. TULLY, the popular conductor at the Theatre Royal Drury Lane. The whole of the building has been altered, and the designs carried out under the superintendence of Mr. William Beverley, of Her Majesty's Theatre, and the Theatre Royal Drury Lane. The proscenium and paintings in the dome have been executed by the celebrated artists, Messrs. Danson and S. n.; the decorations by Mr. Hurwitz, of Southampton Street, Strand. **COME THIS EVENING!**

REFRESHMENTS the most recherché at a MODERATE TARIFF.

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**HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.**—The Last Night of the Season.

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*The Musical World.*

LONDON: SATURDAY, DECEMBER 15, 1860.

**A** GREAT book, a wonderful book, has come before us—a history in music! The history, that of England, the music, that of Mr. George Linley. Mr. Linley is of opinion that next in importance to knowing one's-self, is a knowledge of the history of one's country, which is quite true to a certain extent, though we do not think an acquaintance with the bare facts, the "dry bones," of history serves any purpose but that of enabling the person possessing this knowledge not to appear grossly ignorant before his betters. That, how- ever, is something, and it is an advantage that may be attained by any man, woman, or child, who chooses to read over a few times the eight hundred lines or so to which Mr. George Linley has reduced the records of his native land.

"Learning, to some, is a mistress,  
Of charms which can never decrease;  
To others, a cow which supplies them,  
With excellent butter and cheese,"

says Schiller; to which we may add

"To others a cloak which permits them  
Their folly to hide with more ease."

And no one need seem unable to understand the history of England since the Norman conquest who has once accus- tomed himself to say or sing the metrical annals of Mr. George Linley. Whether the music will aid many students in remembering the verses is another question, and, we be- lieve, we may safely say, that scarcely one person can recol- lect a melody perfectly and distinctly where twenty can with ease learn to repeat stanzas of poetry by heart. Whether it is that Mr. Linley is greater as a poet than as a composer, no matter for what other reason, we think the majority of persons would be more impressed by such striking lines as the following, than by the somewhat mild music to which they are set:—

"In the year fifteen hundred and fifty-eight,  
Elizabeth governed the English state;  
Her soldiers and sailors and ministers grave  
Brought conquest and glory on land and on wave.  
Her rule was an era of talent and worth,  
The genius of Shakespeare beamed brilliantly forth;  
Brave Sidney, and Raleigh, and Crichton, and Drake,  
Howard, Burleigh, and Eppingham shone in her wake."

Unfortunately, Mr. Linley, in setting history to music, has restricted himself to the most simple style of com- position, so simple that we fancy here and there it falls



somewhat beneath the dignity of the subject. Otherwise, and if Mr. Linley in his music of the past had any ambition to rival Herr Wagner in his music of the future, he might have made the melodies and harmonies which the particular events of each reign would naturally have suggested to him, as instructive as a course of historical philosophy. Modern teachers of history aim above all at showing how one great event naturally and inevitably led to another, and how certain centuries are characterised by certain important intellectual, religious, and political movements. Could not this connection, and above all, this characterisation, be admirably shown in music? The invention of printing would be a difficult thing, perhaps, to suggest by musical means; but let it once be understood that a certain air stands for it (or "typifies" it, as we might say in such a case as this), and by introducing this air again in combination with another intended to indicate the Reformation, the composer would be able to show not only that the one event preceded the other, but that there was intimate connection between the two. The Reformation and the civil wars might be treated in a similar fashion.

Foreign history, or the history of England's relation with foreign powers, could be musically illustrated in a still more striking manner, by the appropriate introduction of the national airs of our enemies and of our allies, and the system might even be extended to great political questions. There is the celebrated Eastern Question, for instance, which a skilful composer might certainly expound in music; and, as it is now being brought forward again, it would be quite a relief to hear it sung after it has been made the pretext of so much fatiguing talk. The cantata of the "Eastern Question" might be prefaced by an overture, which should depict the contentions between English, French, Russian, and Austrians, to which it has given rise. Then the cantata proper should open with a Turkish march, symbolising (and at the same time "cymbalising," as H. M. would remark), the irruption of the Turks into Europe, in the 15th century, unless indeed the composer liked to go further back, and commence with the first attack of the Russians upon Byzantium, under Vladimir the Great, grandson of Ruric the Norman.\* The battle of Lepanto, the great victory of Sobieski under the walls of Vienna, the successful campaigns of Potemkin and Souvaroff in the Crimea, and in Turkey itself, might be just hinted at in the instrumentation, but the general progress of Russia, coincident with the decline of Turkey, should be made the subject of a grand dramatic air. How the cantata should end is a question it would be rather difficult to answer; indeed, neither more nor less difficult than to arrive at a solution of the Eastern Question itself. Perhaps, however, the most interesting and satisfactory termination for musicians would be the appointment of Joseph Donizetti to the post of band-master to the Sultan.

**WHENCE** is derived the power of music to delight mankind? whence proceeds the magic spell through which it works such wonders on the soul?

To answer somewhat mystically: music represents an inward sense and inward expression of the symmetry and rhythmical force that reign in the creations of genius. We cannot explain what we mean, and would not if we could.

\* Composers who wish to treat the subject, *ab initio*, should consult a little book published by Messrs. Parker, entitled "Vladimir, or the Conversion of the Russians to Christianity."

May the charm of music be traced to the pure enjoyment experienced by the ear in the concord and harmony of sweet sounds? In a measure, undoubtedly, it may—or must it be attributed to the pleasure attending the perception of dissonances unfolded and resolved, and to the faculty of divining by anticipation the ideas and intentions of a composer? In part, "*assurément*," as Théophile Gautier answered Victor Hugo, not wishing to discuss his theories. At least this has much to do with the gratification of a connoisseur.

But the chief effect of music is *magnetic*. We are woven out of fibres quivering alive to the sense of what is exquisite, and therefore are affected to the heart's depths by the influence of dulcet tones, of long-drawn melodies, of rich and various harmony. These vibrate diversely, according to the characters and temperaments of individuals. Hence the same music does not touch all alike, for the degree of pleasure must be in proportion to the susceptibility of nerve.

Music is the art of youth. It is also the art of love and poetry. "*Musicam docet amor et poesis*," says the wise Erasmus, whose discordant theological controversies failed to untune him altogether. Music is the art of youth, because it is the spontaneous growth of the soul—because it perishes if forced to put forth its blossoms in an uncongenial atmosphere. In manhood, however, as in youth, it holds its sway, notwithstanding that the fibres become less susceptible; the sensibility is blunted, and that, with certain square-cut natures, ardent enthusiasm gives place to calculating analysis, criticism usurping the throne of feeling. Beethoven, for example, was never a more thorough-paced enthusiast than when imagining his ninth symphony and his last sonatas. Look at the unfathomable C minor, Op. 111, and his last quartets; instance the uncontrollable A minor. Love may gradually evaporate as the blood begins to circulate less freely; but music is a consolation to age, as it is a spur and stimulus to youth. Let the man of many sorrows seek comfort in the fugues of John Sebastian Bach. Every fugue, entirely mastered by intellect and finger, will surely quench a sorrow.

Yet music is the cherished art of youth. The true musician must, as a boy, have charmed the public and obtained applause. If his genius has not declared itself in his early days, if it is only in riper years that he enters upon the paths of science, he can never attain *real* greatness in music. If he begins to learn late in life, his very acquaintance with those whose works have already enchanted the world, will prevent his feeling any keen relish for the produce of his own labours, or entertaining the necessary confidence in his own ability. He will know too well how to estimate the plaudits of the crowd to covet such distinction over greedily. He will experience the want of that vigorous ambition, of that instinctive yearning, so to say, which excites the youthful aspirant to his boldest essays, and impels his spirit towards the highest flights of imaginative art. He may coin money; he may write as cleverly as any of those who have merely studied hard; but he will never be a MASTER. Did Handel, Bach, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Cherubini, Mendelssohn, begin music when adults? No; they were musicians from the cradle.

In spite of all this, maturity, nay, even old age, &c.

"Genius may sometimes gloriously offend,  
And rise to faults your critics dare not mend."

But let us pause at the threshold of the subject. To pass the door would induce too long and tedious a homily.

PETIFACE.

**B**OTH Italy and France are about to pay a just tribute to the memory of one of the most illustrious musicians of modern times. The first stone of a monument to Cherubini was laid at the church of Santa Croce, in his native city of Florence, on the 14th of September, the centenary of his birth, the great composer having been ushered into life on the same day and month, 1760. The site of the monument has been chosen close to the tombs of Michael Angelo and Galileo, which figure conspicuously in the church. The idea of the memorial erection originated with the Florentines, and a commission of the most eminent men of the city was formed to receive subscriptions. At the head of the list of subscribers appeared the names of King Victor Emmanuel and the Prince of Savoy-Carignan, while the city contributed a large sum. The commission of Florence appealed to France. Should France have waited for the appeal? We think not. Cherubini was born in Italy; in Italy certainly his genius was fostered, and there it bloomed and blossomed. The fruits, however, were destined for a foreign land. In France the great master composed nearly all his *chefs-d'œuvre*; in France he founded a school, the influence of which is now universally felt and acknowledged; and in France, after a protracted career of honour and renown, his bones repose. France, then, should not have waited for the summons; should not have permitted even Italy to teach her how to offer proper homage and respect. The debt France owes to Cherubini no time and no gratitude can repay. It will remain undischarged while music lives, and will be felt as long as art takes cognizance of its benefactors. If France, nevertheless, did not lead the initiative in paying a last tribute to the memory of him who constituted one of the glories of her capital, she did the next best thing; she nobly and immediately answered the call, and attested that she only required to be told what to do, to do it in the best manner. No sooner was it announced in Paris that a monument was about to be erected at Florence to the memory of Cherubini, and that contributions were wanted for this purpose, than a committee was instituted, the members of which included, among others, the illustrious names of Prince Poniatowski, Rossini, Auber, and Meyerbeer, and a subscription list was opened at the *Conservatoire*, at the office of M. Rety. That Paris will surpass Florence in its contributions towards the completion of a fitting monument to the renowned composer, cannot be doubted. Nothing less, indeed, could be expected from the "metropolis of civilization and the fine arts."

Cherubini was one of the most voluminous of composers. He wrote in all styles, and has bequeathed to posterity imperishable worth in every department of the art. As an abstract writer of Church music he surpassed, both in the quantity and quality of his contributions, all his predecessors, contemporaries, and successors. Cherubini was also one of the profoundest of musicians. Even the giant Beethoven regarded him with admiration and respect for the depth of his learning and the subtlety and penetrative quality of his mind. That he was never a popular composer, in the common acceptation of the term, must be conceded; but this, in our opinion, is to be attributed to that peculiar mental bias which led him to muse alone and apart, rather than to any want of capacity, or even desire, to accommodate his thoughts to general appreciation. Although his music, for the most part, is of grave and serious character, his operas show that he could unbend his loftiness on occasions, and write with the utmost ease, and aim at nothing beyond simplicity. *Elisa*, *Ali Baba*, and *Les Deux Journées* abound in beauties calculated to strike the popular ear, and have

recommended Cherubini's operas perhaps more than the deep meaning and elaborations of his grand, serious cogitations. But the wonder is that the dramatic compositions, grave or comic, of so profound a thinker and so great a master—in an age like the present, when, from the dearth of writers, revivals have all the force of novelties—should be overlooked or ignored altogether. We allude more immediately to France and England, where Cherubini's operas are seldom or never heard, since in Germany the great master figures prominently among popular composers. England may perhaps stand exculpated for her neglect, although Cherubini bequeathed her no mean memorial in the grand symphony he wrote expressly for the Philharmonic Society; but France, where the genius of Cherubini was fostered and matured, and where he laid down his life and found a grave, can find no excuse or palliation. Would it not be worth the while of our managers to turn their attention to the neglected works of the illustrious composer, who was the glory and wonder of his time? *Les Deux Journées* has been affirmed by those well capable of pronouncing a correct opinion, as the perfection of a comic opera, and *Medea* has elicited admiration and excited enthusiasm wherever it has been performed. Let us then recommend both these masterpieces to the consideration of Mr. Gye and Mr. E. T. Smith. It is time that some one would "say a word for poor" Cherubini. The Monday Popular Concerts gave him a powerful lift in the musical world last season. The frequenters of St. James's Hall were in ecstasies with one of his quartets. The Philharmonic Societies and the Musical Society of London make us acquainted with sundry of his overtures. It only remains to hear one of his operas. For this we must look to the manager of Her Majesty's Theatre or the manager of the Royal Italian Opera. We shall then have something more to say about Cherubini.

#### ANGUSH.

**A STEP UPWARDS IN LIFE.**—The Gray's Inn stall was exchanged for handsome chambers, and by the time that these looked as delightfully as possible, that the pictures were finally and tastefully hung, that the pianoforte was in admirable tune, and that the oak and velvet furniture left nothing to be desired, except the upholsterer's receipt, the susceptible Archibald discovered that to live as a gentleman meant to live with a lady, who, being his wife, could not be expected to live in chambers. So the pictures, pianoforte, oak and velvet, and Mrs. Vernon, were established in a charming house, not much too large at Craven Hill. All went delightfully, for Emmeline Vernon was an accomplished musician, and Archibald was just of the calibre of mind that dotes on music, and it was the pleasantest occupation in the world to sit with his pretty wife till two or three in the day singing duets, or hearing that divine thing of Mozart's. Vernon with his feet in slippers, elegantly worked by his bride, and in a velvet coat that gave the refined-looking man an appearance between that of an artist and of an Italian nobleman, as beheld in ancient portraits. The children came with their usual celerity, and it was not until Emmeline grew rather cross and cold about playing Mozart after disagreeable interviews with traders, that Archibald Vernon once more began to think that he really must buckle to work. — *Shirley Brooks*, in *Once a Week*.

M. RUBINSTEIN's opera, *Les Enfants des Landes*, has been put in rehearsal at the Viennese Opera.

THE PRIVILEGE of building a new theatre in Vienna has just been granted to Baroness Pasqualeet. It is to bear her name.

SPOHR's Stradivarius is to be sold by auction for the benefit of his heirs. The great master is said to have used it for half a century. One might have thought such a relic would be kept in the family as an heir-loom. Probably they prefer gold to notes.

### The Opera.

**HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.**—On Tuesday night Mr. Sims Reeves made his first appearance in public since the loss of his father deprived the theatre of his invaluable services. We constantly hear reflections made on the capriciousness of artists, and as in most cases these observations are totally unfounded, we are always glad of an opportunity to give full credit to those who do their very utmost to keep faith with the public. It ought to be made known that Mr. Sims Reeves has throughout the season strained every nerve in order to avoid disappointing his audience. During the run of *Robin Hood* he has contracted no other engagement; indeed, he has never once sung at the concerts at which he usually appears—as he was expected to do on the off-nights of Macfarren's opera—fearing lest the additional exertion might possibly prevent his doing full justice to the part he had undertaken to perform. Mr. Reeves has thus made real and tangible sacrifices for the sake of aiding the success of national opera, and this proof of self-denying devotion to his art will be fully appreciated by all. Certainly the warmth of the reception accorded to him last night seemed to express sympathy with the man as much as admiration of the artist. Mr. Sims Reeves was in splendid voice, the enforced rest having exerted an evidently beneficial influence, and he never sang with more expression and effect. "Thou art my own, my guiding star," was deliciously rendered and vehemently applauded, while the spirited drinking-song was given with immense vigour; it was, however, in the long and arduous scena in the prison that the exquisite taste and consummate skill in vocalisation of the great tenor were both most remarkably displayed. But we have dwelt at such length on *Robin Hood* that we need not recur to it; suffice it to say that Madame Lemmens-Sherrington sang so charmingly—although she was suffering from a severe attack of influenza—that the preparatory apology seemed needless; and that Madame Lemaire was as artistic, Mr. Santley as full-voiced and admirable, and Mr. Honey as comic as ever. Of the orchestra the praise must still be as restricted and qualified as usual; and of the chorus the less said the better.—*Daily Telegraph*.

### The Theatres.

**OLYMPIC THEATRE.**—The revival of Mr. Palgrave Simpson's *Daddy Hardacre* at this house, after its performance at Windsor, enables the public once more to appreciate to its full extent the genius of Mr. Robson, which for some time was confined to the delineation of merely farcical personages. This is the first great part of what is called "domestic interest" in which he ever appeared, and his acting in it is still pre-eminent as one of the most remarkable instances of characteristic impersonation ever witnessed on the stage. In the miser Daddy Hardacre, who is perhaps a more legitimate descendant of the Enchlo of Plautus than of the Grandet of De Balzac, the most diverse peculiarities are brought together, and Mr. Robson not only grapples with them all, but brings them into the most perfect harmony. Daddy Hardacre is facetious, in his rough way, when he has the best of a bargain; his love for his daughter imparts an exceptional tenderness to his nature; his grief when he is robbed rises to a tragical demonstration of intense agony. Every one of these peculiarities is pursued to the minutest detail, and the chuckle which accompanies his dealings with his less astute neighbour, Jobling, is as effective in its way as the frenzy of rage with which he assails his too charitable daughter. But, although Mr. Robson's representation of Daddy Hardacre stands alone among the theatrical phenomena of the day, the general excellence with which the entire piece is played is too remarkable to pass observation. As the miser's daughter, devoted to her father, and only sinning from excess of kindness, Miss Hughes acts with that appearance of gentleness and goodness which renders her one of the most valuable performers in domestic drama. Mr. George Cooke is, of course, at home as the village lawyer, one degree less sharp than the overreaching Daddy; and his nephew, the rustic beau, is endowed with all that eccentricity which Mr. H. Wigan knows so well how to bestow when he has to deal with a sketch of decided character. Mrs. Stevens thoroughly renders the hearty qualities of the old servant, and Mr. Walter Gordon is a satisfactory representative of the interesting cousin, who is deprived of the unamiable

attributes with which he has been invested by De Balzac. There is not a defective place in the entire drama.

**PRINCESS'S THEATRE.**—Although, in representing those sympathetic twins who have been famous in London ever since Mr. Charles Kean presented the public with a version of *Les Frères Corses*, Mr. Fechter has not the same scope for his genius as when he delineated the enthusiastic and impassioned Ray Blas, he makes us acquainted with a new form of his artistic skill. To define his conception of the characters, apart from his talent in producing those melodramatic effects which are so essential to the piece, we would say that it is based on a combination of the qualities proper to a rude state of society with those of a nature eminently susceptible of conventional polish. His Corsican is a Corsican heart and soul, with a love for the wild condition of his fatherland, but he is not without a feeling for a higher state of civilisation, and this is eminently shown when he reconciles the quarrelsome peasants, and appears as a true gentleman amid a fraternity of ruffians. Still his cultivation has not penetrated much below the surface, and when his passions are roused they speak out with a native frankness that distinguishes him from those who have been trained in great cities. Fancy a country gentleman of the old school placed in a metropolis, and you have an approximation to Mr. Fechter's idea of the Dei Franchi. The piece has been remodelled from the shape which it originally wore in Paris, and also in London, the incidents of the masked ball being transferred to the commencement, so as to introduce all the other events, both of the natural and supernatural classes. This arrangement, at the first glance, has in its favour the law of cause and effect, for the logical mind will be more easily satisfied by seeing a gentleman's ghost follow his decease than by seeing the ghost come first and the death afterwards. But then, on the other hand, it will be recollected that, contrary to dramatic precedent, the incidents in two acts of the *Corsican Brothers* are supposed to be not consecutive, but simultaneous, the spectre being less a posthumous ghost than a "wraith," and we may add that the old-fashioned plan had this advantage, that it interrupted the sequence of supernatural gloom with the fun and brilliancy of the Parisian carnival. The piece is generally well acted, and capitally put upon the stage, a new and effective dance being introduced in the masquerade scene; but we must regret that Mr. W. Lacy did not play his old part of Chateau Renaud. Mr. A. Harris is a lively and agreeable actor, but there is an obvious gold-humour about him which recoils from the impersonation of the cold-blooded duellist.

**MR. BALFE'S BIANCA.**—Mr. Balfé's new opera is an unquestionable success. On Saturday night, at the third representation, a very crowded audience confirmed the favourable verdict which had been unanimously awarded on the Thursday previous, and the composer was again loudly summoned at the fall of the curtain. Having already glanced at the general merits of the performance, our remarks at present must be confined to a brief examination of the work itself.

The old German drama, by Zschokke, entitled *Abällino*, the origin of Monk Lewis's romance of *The Bravo of Venice*, and of Monk Lewis's play of *Rugantino*—both at one epoch the delight of our forefathers—is also the origin of *Bianca, the Bravo's Bride*. In how much Mr. Palgrave Simpson is indebted to the German original, in how much to the English adaptation, and in how much to his own invention, would take too long to examine, and indeed would scarcely repay the pains. Enough that he has manufactured an effective operatic libretto out of a subject once universally familiar, now almost universally forgotten. Mr. Simpson's *Bravo* (Mr. Harrison) is a gentleman of sufficient ingenuity to pass muster creditably for a considerable period as three different personages. His object is to win the heart of Bianca (Miss Louisa Pyne), daughter of the Duke of Milan (Mr. Alberto Lawrence)—the scene, for some not evident reason, being changed from Venice to Milan—and to accomplish that object he undergoes two successive formations. The *bonâ-fide* Duke of Ferrara, he has been selected by the Duke of Milan—against the wish of Bianca, who has a leaning towards some one else—as a son-in-law; but, anxious to obtain the goodwill of the young lady, who has never seen him, on the strength of his own personal merits rather than by the weight attaching to his rank and dignity, he appears at the Court of Milan as a young soldier, under the name of Odoardo, winning at one and the same time distinction in the Duke's armies and a place in the affections of Bianca. At the head of an expedition organised against the renowned brigand Fortespada (Abällino—Rugantino)—whose name, in consequence



of many daring and successful escapades, inspires a kind of supernatural terror—he traces that worthy to his lair, and from Fortespada's dying words glean information of a conspiracy, in which the bravo himself was to have taken part against the life of the Duke of Milan, who, together with his daughter, his ministers, and others connected with the Court, is to be assassinated at a certain place on a certain day. But, though Fortespada's aid was reckoned on as an important element of the plot, with the easy indifference to probability belonging to a particular class of romance, we are given to understand that his person is unknown to the heads and promoters of the conspiracy. Informed of this, Odoardo, passing himself off for the bravo, penetrates into the counsels of the conspirators, and prevails on them by threats of discovery to acknowledge him as leader, eventually frustrating their plans and handing them over to justice. The various and startling manoeuvres by which the catastrophe is brought about, the lives of Bianca and her father saved, the heart of the lady won not merely for the soldier but for the bravo, and ultimately even for the dreaded Duke of Ferrara—much to the satisfaction of the high-minded ruler of Milan, whose objection to Odoardo is founded on scruples about birth and extraction—had best be witnessed. To recount them, step by step, would be a thankless task, while to view them, one after the other, through the attractive medium of Mr. Balfe's music, which scarcely for an instant allows the interest to sleep, is quite another matter. Suffice it, the audience, perfectly satisfied at the end that Odoardo, Fortespada, and the Duke of Ferrara are one and the same person, experience no surprise that the designing conspirators, the unsuspecting Duke of Milan, and the enamoured Bianca herself, should have been throughout so consistently deceived. In the last scene Mr. Harrison has only to perform a series of evolutions with the assistance of an accommodating cloak, which, according as it is assumed or laid aside, is allowed to stand for his credentials, and everybody accepts him for just what he pleases to declare himself,—Odoardo, Fortespada, or the Duke of Ferrara—which of the three he may find it convenient for the moment to impersonate. He has, however, subdued a bravo, baffled a conspiracy, rescued the state, won the hand of a princess, and afforded a popular composer a great many excellent opportunities of display; what more need be demanded of the hero of a romantic "libretto?"

Mr. Balfe has written more ambitiously in *Bianca* than usual, and, it must be added, with a proportionate degree of success. His first act is a closer approach to what is termed "grand opera" than anything from his pen with which we were previously acquainted. After a brilliant, if not very coherent, overture, the curtain rises upon an introduction admirably designed and full of genuine beauties. This comprises, among other things, a prayer—"To Thee above our hearts we raise" (with organ accompaniment)—remarkable for melody and grace, and an air with chorus—"The demon of darkness"—for Beppo (Mr. St. Albyn), the comic personage of the drama, who narrates the legend of Fortespada's diabolical birth in music alike vigorous and characteristic. Not less remarkable is the scene which ensues—the conference of the conspirators, the chiefs of whom, Count Malespina (Mr. H. Wharton), a thorough-paced villain, and Memmino, a bit of a coward (Mr. H. Corri), are effectively contrasted in the musical treatment. This scene, which emulates the declamatory breadth of Meyerbeer, contains an air of considerable merit for Malespina, the first and best part of which, "When cruel scorn and cold disdain," was omitted at the third performance, the quick movement only, "The vengeance cloud," being retained. The action of the first *finale* further develops the conspiracy, and introduces Fortespada, whose individuality here, as throughout the opera, is indicated and preserved with consummate skill. This *finale* is conducted in a masterly manner. Besides being thoroughly well knit, it includes one or two passages that stand out with vivid distinctness, and are remembered for themselves, independently of the framework that surrounds them. Instance the concerted piece where the conspirators swear never to rest until Milan is freed from its tyrant; and the drinking song, "Glorious wine," with chorus, with which Fortespada enlivens the ceremony—one of the most sparkling and exhilarating bacchanals that modern opera has produced. The musical passage, too, which, whether the bravo is on the stage or not, illustrates, with more or

less prominence, every hint at his personality, is here presented in *extenso*, and cannot fail to impress by its originality. Mr. Balfe has, perhaps, laid himself open to the charge of excess in his employment of this peculiar means of individualising his principal character (invented, if we are not mistaken, by Weber, who thus everywhere identifies Zamiel in his *Der Freischütz*): but the intention is good, and we are not disposed to criticise what, at the worst, may be arraigned as a stretch of consistency. At all events, in the first *finale*, often as it is alluded to, the Fortespada passage is never out of place.

The second act is shorter than the first, but hardly less interesting from a musical point of view. It opens with a delicious chorus for women's voices—"As slowly fades the light of day"—sung at the door of the cathedrals by the ladies of Bianca, who is about to perform her orisons in the interior of the sacred building. A duet for Bianca and Malespina—"Although with cold disdain"—contains several fine passages, the last movement being none the less agreeable on account of its slightly approximating to the manner of Verdi. The accompaniments to this offer some new and striking combinations; and it may be remarked *en passant* that in almost every scene of *Bianca* Mr. Balfe has zealously endeavoured to distinguish his orchestral arrangements by bold and suggestive colouring. If occasionally, as now and then with the stringed instruments, he may be accused of transgressing the conventional limits of experiment, in the majority of instances he is eminently successful. This onward tendency in a composer so unreservedly acknowledged that it is unnecessary for him, in order to insure continued acceptance, to deviate from the path he has hitherto been accustomed to tread, merits honourable acknowledgment. Another very happy example is revealed at the commencement of the second *finale*, when Fortespada, disguised as a beggar, solicits the aid of Bianca, whose life he subsequently preserves from the dagger of Michele, a hired assassin of Malespina. Here the combination of the tenor voice with the bass clarinet in the orchestra recalls the scene of the pretended miracle in Meyerbeer's *Prophète*, of which, nevertheless, it is in no sense a plagiarism. The second *finale* includes other good things, among the rest a graceful phrase addressed by Fortespada to Bianca, after the death of Michele, by the hand of the assumed beggar, and the chorus of the "Gratias Agimus" from the chapel of the cathedral. "Look up, look up, my dearest," indeed, if it occupied a more isolated position, might aim at becoming a popular ballad. The whole *finale* is cleverly built, and although the Verdi-like *coda* is scarcely up to the mark of its more original precursor, at the end of Act I, it is always animated and dramatically effective.

The introduction to Act III. is a masterpiece of tuneful, light, and sparkling music. Zeffirina (Miss Thirlwall), Bianca's principal attendant, is preparing for a masque about to be held in the palace, and instructing groups of dancers in the parts they are destined to play. A comic vein is elicited by the co-operation of Beppo (Mr. St. Albyn), an emissary of the Duke of Ferrara (Fortespada), whose mission is to sound Zeffirina about the state of her mistress' affections, and who is compelled to ferret out the desired information while being drilled severely in a *pas de deux* set down for him to execute at the masque with Zeffirina herself. The stage effect is as ludicrous as the music is irresistible, and, coming immediately after so much that is serious and even gloomy, nothing can be more happy or to the purpose. The occasional interpolation here and elsewhere, however, of snatches from the chorus, "As slowly fades the light of day" (Act II.), has no evident meaning, and may be justly stigmatised as a musical *non sequitur*,—unlike a similar expedient already defended, which stamps the individuality of Fortespada. In the same scene Bianca sings a ballad—"Twas he, my only thought"—for its catching melody and expressive character to be compared with the "Power of Love," which made the fortune of *Satanella*, and upon the orchestral accompaniments to which the composer has bestowed equal pains. The Duke of Milan's song, "Oh crown of power," bears a faint resemblance to one of the only real tunes in Herr Wagner's *Tannhäuser*; but we are loth to charge the composer of *The Bohemian Girl* with any intention of emulating so eccentric a model and must put the resemblance down for an unanticipated "coincidence." "From my childhood"—a somewhat laboured and spun out, though undoubtedly clever, duet, in which the Duke endea-

vours to mould the heart of Bianca to his wishes with respect to the Ferrara alliance—commences with a very original declamatory phrase; contains further on a passage unquestionably suggested by Verdi, in his *Trovatore*; includes another and even finer phrase of declamation, where Bianca pleads the cause of Odoardo—"His manly form, his beaming eye," &c.—and winds up with a quick movement, which, but for one or two somewhat uncouth transitions near the end would be unexceptionable. The third *finale*, embodying Fortespada's unexpected apparition before the Duke of Milan, his recognition by Bianca, and his sudden flight when just within the grasp of his baffled pursuers (described in the book as "tableau of confusion and consternation"), is ingeniously contrived, ably written, and full of animation. The response of Fortespada, however, to the contemptuous reproaches of the Duke—"Tis not purple and gold that ennoble the man"—is so like "The fair land of Poland" (*Bohemian Girl*), both in sentiment and melodic outline, that the least practised ear can hardly fail to detect the plagiarism. Mr. Balfé may, of course, plead that he only repeats himself; and, as many will in all probability prefer the new version to the old (if only because it is new), the energetic outburst which reveals the patriotism of Thaddeus may have to give place, at least for a time, to a successor.

The fourth act opens with a grand scena for Bianca, the last movement of which—"A torrent roaring"—as florid, brilliant, and difficult to execute as the first—"Yes, I shall see him once again"—is unaffectedly expressive. A piece of very unequal merit comes next, comprising a duet for Bianca and Fortespada—"One only boon on earth I prized;" a ballad for the last named—"Once more upon the path of life," and a trio in which the Duke of Milan makes up the complement of singers. The duet is extremely pretty, and charmingly instrumented; the ballad opens promisingly, but does not fulfil its promise; the trio is dramatic and effective. As a whole, however, the undue length of this miniature trialogue is scarcely atoned for by the amount of musical interest it presents. The next scene has been considerably abridged since the first representation. This was, perhaps, inevitable, in order to bring the duration of the performance as nearly as possible within the limits of four hours; but some very fresh and charming music of the Auber cast has thus been necessarily relinquished, the pretty chorus, "While twinkling stars," and the not very lively ballad of Malespina, "Chiefs on might relying"—only the last verse of that, by the way—being all that remains of the original structure—with which, if we do not greatly err, the composer himself must have been well pleased. The last *finale* opens with some capital ballet music, including a galop (the lively and picturesque arrangement of which, by M. Pettit, has been noticed) set to a tune once heard not easily forgotten. It was said of Auber's *Gustave III.*—"At least there is a galop in it;" and as much may be remarked of Mr. Balfé's *Bianca*—which, when it is remembered what a crowd of beautiful things, besides the famous galop, are contained in the masterpiece of the French musician, will not be misconstrued into a sneer. Another feature of this last *finale*—less solidly constructed, by the way, than the others (in accordance with a custom only disregarded as a general rule in the scores of Mozart, Beethoven, and Cherubini)—is the chorus, "Seize him! seize him!" occurring just after Mr. Harrison, as Fortespada, has accomplished his first metamorphosis with the cloak, a chorus marked undoubtedly by vigorous dramatic expression, but apparently modelled after (without plagiarising from) the "Guerra! Guerra!" of Bellini's *Norma*. The last concerted piece for the principal characters, immediately preceding the betrayal of the conspirators by Fortespada, is in keeping, if not startlingly new; the last two phrases of recitation put into the mouth of Fortespada, and the words of which, as affording a sort of bird's-eye view of the imaginary bravo's self-imposed mission, we subjoin:—

"The bravo-band I crush'd. Fate led me then,  
Where Fortespada, in his brigand den,  
On death-bed lay, and with his dying breath  
Confess'd the foul conspiracy of death.  
As bravo, then, disguis'd, I sought to learn  
The traitors' plans, and thus their schemes o'erturn;

(pointing out the conspirators)

I swore my fate to bind to her alone,  
Whose heart of love, unconscious of my throne,  
Should love me for myself—what'er betide—  
And now my bride I've won—the Bravo's Bride!"

(when, after the final cloak-transformation, Fortespada, as Duke of Ferrara, claims the hand of Bianca),

are declamatory, if nothing more; while the last piece for Bianca, a so-called "*rondo-finale*,"—

"What sunshine bright,  
Through murky night,  
Upon my wakening soul doth glide!  
What heavenly joy,  
Without alloy,  
To own myself the Bravo's Bride!"

is a tuneful, sparkling, and brilliant display (*original to boot*—something uncommon in a "*rondo-finale*") for the heroine of the opera, enough to make the fame and fortune of a "*prima donna*" capable, like Miss Louisa Pyne, of executing it to absolute perfection.

From the foregoing it will be concluded that in our opinion Mr. Balfé's reputation is likely to be increased rather than diminished by his *Bianca*. The recent example of honourable emulation has clearly not been lost upon him. The genuine reception accorded to *Lurline* and *Robin Hood*, and the revival of the *Night Dancers*, followed up with another success achieved by the most fertile of our dramatic composers, looks well for the future. National opera seems now to have a chance of being established on a firmer basis than it ever previously reposed on. The musical public will anticipate with interest Mr. Wallace's forthcoming *Amber Witch*, Mr. Macfarren's *Sleeper Awakened* (which was surely never originally intended for the concert-room), Mr. Frank Mori's *Lambert Sinner*, Mr. Benedict's *Esmeralda*, and last, not least, Mr. Howard Glover's *Ruy Blas*—all of which are promised, and from all of which great things are anticipated. Formerly an opera—by which is not intended a mere ballad opera,—from the pen of an English composer, was regarded in some sort as a phenomenon; but it would appear from what is now on hand that our musicians have progressed with the times.—*Times*.

### Provincial.

A musical phenomenon has appeared in BRIGHTON in the person of Mlle. Carlottina Badia, aged four years, and—if we are to accept the verdict of the local authorities as correct—with extraordinary success. This young sapling of the tree of art is daughter to Signor and Mad. Badia, whom we have heard playing and singing respectively at the Crystal Palace Concerts last season. Our readers are well aware that we put no faith whatsoever in the forcing system, which we have always found in the animal economy to be deleterious, if not entirely ruinous. We have followed the career of numerous phenomena, and invariably found they never arrived at greatness, in most instances, indeed, sinking into utter incompetence. Morally and physically speaking, a child of four years old cannot escape the effects of rigid training, but must succumb either to toil or thought. The pity is that the parents will not wait for the young and promising bud to put forth its blossoms, but must have recourse to all kinds of didactic guanos to urge it into premature growth. The leaves look green, the flowers expand, the colours seem bright; but, alas! it is at the expense of life and health. Nature, just mother, frowns at those who despise her gentle and sure ordinances, and will not interfere to save the poor tortured babe who has been kidnapped from her supervision. In speaking thus, we say nothing directly regarding Miss Carlottina Badia, but argue from example, that no amount of talent can justify the parents in bringing the child before the public. What the Brighton public thinks of the child may perhaps be gathered from the following notice taken from the *Brighton Guardian*:—

"The principal novelty of the *soirée* was the appearance of the child, Carlottina Badia, whose advent had exalted her into something approaching a 'phenomenon.' She is an interesting child, and perhaps may well lay claim to some extraordinary capabilities when she stands beside a piano, to the key-board of which her head hardly reaches, for the purpose of performing operatic solos before a fashionable audience.

She had to be lifted on to the platform, and when there, paternal encouragement had to be given to her before she would begin. The audience could not be anything else than sympathetic, and the little lady, on her second essay, got off into 'La donna e mobile' in sparkling style. She sang it most correctly, and even somewhat artistically. The latter quality was, however, more apparent in 'Di quell' amor,' from *La Traviata*, her second song, which she sang immediately after the first. During this performance her imitations (we hope the word will be forgiven; it is the most correct one occurring to us) of the usual attitudes adopted by stage and platform singers drew forth loud laughter and applause. When she retired, the audience would fain have further tested her musical attainments, but she declined the honour with an orthodox curtsy, thus still further increasing the good opinions she had gained. Her voice has that beautiful freshness only found in a first-class child's voice, and the simple efforts of which possess an inexpressible power of charming the ear, even when one would turn uninterested from the laboured *roulades* of a *prima donna*. Mixed opinions are held as to the advisability of introducing children in this way at such a tender age; but, apart from this, the appearance of Carlotta Badia on the present occasion seemed to give unmixed gratification to the audience.

There is also a glowing eulogium in the *Brighton Gazette*, so that the success of the "phenomenon" can hardly be doubted.—The *Caledonian Mercury* informs us that Mr. Howard Glover's cantata, *Tam O'Shanter*, has been produced at the Popular Concerts, given at the Music Hall, Edinburgh, with eminent success, in spite of a very indifferent performance. As its reception, according to the writer, "is likely to ensure its repetition at an early period," it is to be hoped a little more pains will be taken with the rehearsals. The nationality of the Scotch should be enlisted in the cause. The tenor music, written especially for Mr. Sims Reeves, does not appear to have fallen into inefficient hands in Mr. Kennedy, whose singing and acting (?) are much praised. At the Saturday Evening Concerts, the sixpenny public was last week tested with Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony, a classical overture, and a fugue on the organ, with most satisfactory results. The audience were most attentive and reverend, and applauded with discrimination. That the "land o' cakes" was also the "land of song" we never doubted.—The first concert of the Birmingham Musical Union is thus alluded to in the *Birmingham Journal*:—The first concert of the present series took place at Dee's Hotel, and was well calculated to maintain the *prestige* of these enjoyable gatherings. The attendance was numerous, although scarcely attaining the average of previous years. The performers were Miss Armstrong (vocalist), Messrs. H. and G. Hayward (violins), Mr. R. Blagrove (viola), Signor Piatti (violinello), and Messrs. Duchemin and Flavell (pianists). The vocal selections, consisting of Blumenthal's song, "The Orphan," and Weber's "When the thorn," were rendered by Miss Armstrong with characteristic sweetness, but a perceptible deficiency of expressive power. Mr. Duchemin played one of Heller's "Wanderstunden," and a capriccio by the same master, on a theme of Schubert, and Signor Piatti a violinello fantasia on popular airs. Both gentlemen experienced a hearty reception. The selection embraced Beethoven's instrumental quartet, No. 3 (Op. 18), executed by Messrs. H. and G. Hayward, R. Blagrove, and Signor Piatti; Mozart's quartet, No. 2, in E flat, pianoforte and strings, and Mendelssohn's second grand trio, for pianoforte and strings, (Op. 66), by Messrs. Duchemin, Hayward, and Signor Piatti, may be described as the most remarkable performance of the concert.—Devonshire has been more than musical of late. Miss Arabella Goddard and the English Glee and Madrigal Society have been delighting the amateurs of Devonport, Torquay, Plymouth, and Exeter with a series of concerts (two at Exeter), all of which were well attended; all of which went off brilliantly, and as a specimen of the style of which on each successive occasion the following programme may suffice:—

Part I.—Quintet, "Come see what pleasures" (Elliott), by the Union. Glee (four voices), "Discord, dire sister" (S. Webbe), by the Union. Song, "The voice that we love" (S. Glover), Mrs. Lockey. Pianoforte Solo, "Grand Sonata" in F Major, No. 2, Op. 10 (Beethoven), Miss Arabella Goddard. Quintet, "Blest pair of Sirens" (S. Smith), by the Union. Four Part Song, "The hunt is up" (Hatton), by the Union. Recitative and Air, "Genevieve" (Hatton), Mr. Montem Smith. Pianoforte Solo, "Songs without words," by par-

ticular desire (Mendelssohn), Miss Arabella Goddard. Quintet, "To my lute" (R. Cooke), by the Union.

Part II.—Quintet, "Blow, gentle gales" (Bishop), by the Union. Song, "True love" (Macfarren), Miss Banks. Quintet, "Mark'd you her eye" (Spofforth), by the Union. Song, "The maid I love" (J. L. Hatton), Mr. Lockey. Pianoforte Solo, Grand Fantasia, on the Quartet from *Il Rigoletto*, first time of performance (Listz), Miss A. Goddard. Duet, "The exile's home" (Romagnesi), Mr. and Mrs. Lockey. Glee (four voices), "Here in cool grot" (Morrington), by the Union. Song, "The blacksmith's son" (Hatton), Mr. Winn. Glee (four voices), "Lo, the day's champion" (Bishop), by the Union. Catch (three voices), "Ah! how Sophia" (Dr. Callcott), by the Union.

Mr. Ashe was, as usual, the *entrepreneur*, and on Monday evening, at the first concert (of which the foregoing was the programme), a crowded and fashionable audience was attracted to the Royal Public Rooms, Exeter, which presented, according to the *Exeter Western Times*, a brilliant appearance. The following is an extract from the article published by that paper:—

The vocalists included Mrs. Lockey, Miss Banks, Mr. Wilbye Cooper, Mr. Montem Smith, Mr. Winn, and Mr. Foster, but the greatest attraction, and sole instrumentalist, was Miss Arabella Goddard, the first of English pianists. Mr. Lockey was also to have been present, but was prevented by illness, and Mr. Wilbye Cooper was his substitute. The first two glees were warmly applauded, Mrs. Lockey sang Glover's song very sweetly, and the correct style, and clear enunciation of this charming vocalist must have been most pleasing to the refined ear. Miss Arabella Goddard, on entering, met with a cordial greeting, and her pianoforte solo was a wonderful piece of execution. The quintet was rendered by the Union with thrilling effect, and met with an *encore* which was readily conceded. Mr. Hatton's "The hunt is up" was given briskly, and with effect. The same composer's ballad of "Genevieve" was a perfect success in the hands of Mr. Montem Smith for whom it was expressly composed. Miss Arabella Goddard riveted the feelings of her audience on Mendelssohn's expressive "Songs without words," which were warmly applauded. The glee "To my lute" was given with exquisite sweetness by the "Union." The quintet "Blow gentle gales," met with a spontaneous *encore*. Miss Banks, who possesses a delightful soprano voice, gave Macfarren's exquisite "True love" with great taste and feeling. The glee, "Mark'd you her eye," was the least successful in the programme. Mr. Lockey being absent, the song set down for him was passed over, and Miss Arabella Goddard performed her grand fantasia (Listz's *Rigoletto*) with matchless power, ease, and delicacy of touch. The rapidity and brilliancy of execution created a furor, and an *encore* was inevitable. The pianist returned and treated the audience to the ever favourite "Home, sweet home," by Thalberg, which was loudly applauded. Mr. Wilbye Cooper, who gave a song in lieu of Mr. Lockey, and Mrs. Lockey and Mr. M. Smith in "The exile's home," and the Union in "Here in cool grot," were all received with much applause, while "The blacksmith's son," by Mr. Winn, sung with great spirit, received an *encore*. The concert closed with "God save the Queen," by the Union. The performers arrived at Exeter by the down express on the South-Western Railway, and had had an uncomfortable journey. Owing to the overflow at Coombe Water, the train was delayed a couple of hours, and did not reach Exeter till six o'clock, just two hours before the commencement of the concert. On Friday there were two concerts at Exeter, one in the morning at half-past one, and the second in the evening. Both were well attended, and we trust that the result may induce Mr. Ashe to treat the city and neighbourhood to a repetition of such admirable concerts in due season. It may be remarked that a more classical tone was given to some of the concerts by the introduction alternately of Beethoven's admirable sonatas in C sharp minor (*Moonlight*), and in F major (Op. 10), played to perfection by Miss Arabella Goddard, and thoroughly appreciated by the audience.

A correspondent from Gloucester sends us an account of the first concert of the Philharmonic Society, which is far too long for insertion. The programme indicated a feebleness on the part of the directors not easy to be accounted for. The performance of the first movement only of a symphony is a bad example set by an important institution. Miss Clari Fraser, the solo vocalist, acquitted herself admirably, singing "Vedrai carino," "Where the bee sucks," and the ballad from *Lurline*, "Sweet spirit, hear my prayer," in her most charming manner. Our correspondent writes warmly of the young lady's efforts, and says she was the real attraction of the concert.



**HERR BECKER.**—Our readers are doubtless aware that, in consequence of an unfortunate and vexatious accident, we are deprived for a time of the presence of one of our most welcome musical guests, the excellent violinist, Herr Becker. This accomplished artist has been unfortunately suffering so severely from the effects of this accident (the snapping of a string, which struck, though not, it is apprehended, seriously injured, one eye) as to have been prevented from fulfilling several public engagements, and to render it prudent for him to abstain from playing altogether for a while. He has therefore left England for the purpose of spending a short time at his residence in Strasbourg, and reckons upon returning to London towards the end of January.

**FUNERAL OF RELLSTAR, THE CRITIC.**—Berlin, December 2. —The funeral of Ludwig Rellstar, who was well known in the literary and artistic world, took place yesterday, and was attended by a vast number of eminent men, representing the arts and sciences and literature. The deceased was not less renowned for his ability as a musical critic than for the various services he had rendered society by his exertions to promote useful works, and especially for the part he took in the question as to how Prussia might be best furnished with a railway system some years since. Among the mourners at the funeral, science was represented by Professor Boeckh; art, by the General Musical Director, M. Meyerbeer; the public institutes, by the Intendant-General von Hullen; the press, by the chief editors of two of the Berlin papers; and there was besides a great concourse of public men and officials of all grades. The procession was of immense length, and comprised the members of several choral societies and the bands of a dragoon regiment and of the Cuirassiers of the Guard, who at intervals along the route sang and played solemn music, and again at the interment, which took place at St. Peter's Cemetery.

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